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Poet's Column.

I WISH SOMEBODY'D COME.

BY J. F. Q.

The flowers are blooming on the lawn,
The birds are singing free,
And everything is full of life
And happiness but me.
The flowers look strangely dull to-day,
They are shadowy as my dreams,
And very lonely seem to me
The sunlight's golden gleams.
As for the birds, I heed them not;
They had as well be dumb;
They cannot charm my heart to-day—
I wish somebody'd come.

I've tried my books—my music too,
I've tried it o'er and o'er.
But, psha! I cannot see my notes,
My eyes keep wandering so;
Unanswered notes before me lie,
I'll count them—one, two, three;
And here are letters waiting, too,
But what are they to me?
My books are stale—my music sounds
Discordant as a drum,
My voice is very bad to-day,
I wish somebody'd come.

The sun is setting in the West,
And twilight deepens now,
And night comes forth, an ebon queen,
With jewels on her brow,
The cat is sleeping on the hearth,
The bell has rung for tea,
And not one living soul has came,
What can the matter be?
The day is gone, the night comes on
And I will look no more—
There! Betty, don't you hear the bell?
Somebody's at the door!

THE OLD PRINTER.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

I see him at his case,
With his anxious, [illegible] face,
Worn and hoar;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Running down.

I've known him many a year,
That old typo, bent and queer—
Boy and man;
Time was when step elate
Distinguished his gait,
And his form was tall and straight,
We now scan.

I've marked him, day by day,
As he passed along the way
To his toil;
He's labored might and main,
A living scant to gain,
And some interests small attain
In the soil.

And hope was bright at first,
And the golden cheat he nursed,
Till he found
That hope was but a glare
In a cold and frosty air,
And the promise pictured fair,
Barren ground.

He ne'er was reckoned bad,
But I've seen him smile right glad
At "*leaded*" woes,
While a dark and lowering frown
Would spread his features round,
Where virtue's praises did sound,
If 'twer "*close*."

Long years he's labored on,
And the rosy hues are gone
From his sky;
For others are his hours,
For others are his powers—
His days, uncheered by flowers,
Flitting by.

You may see him, night by night,
By the lamp's dull dreamy light,
Standing there;
With cobweb curtains spread
In festoons o'er his head,
That sooty showers shed
In his hair.

And when the waning moon
Proclaims of night the noon,
If you roam,
You may see him weak, and frail,
In motion like the snail,
Wending home.

His form by years is bent,
To his hair a tinge is lent
Sadly gray;
And his teeth have long decayed,
And his eyes their trust betrayed—
Great havoc time has made
With his clay!

But soon will come the day
When his *form* will pass away
From our view.
And the spot shall know no more
The sorrows that he bore,
Or the disapointments sore
That he knew.

IMPUDENCE.

With whiskers thick upon my face
I went my fair to see;
She old me she could never love
A *bear*-faced chap like me.
I shaved them clean, then called again,
And thought my troubles o'er;
She laughed outright and said I was
More *bare faced* than before!

A Thrilling Sketch.

THE UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about a warm fire of a tavern bar room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived a pedler drove up, and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar room, as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anec dotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure and anecdote. He was a short thick-set man, somewhat about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Vieny, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me? You see that I am right now from the far West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern, in Hancock County, Indiana. I said 'twas pleasant—I mean 'twas warm, but it was cloudy, and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it poured down good, and it was awful dark out of doors.

"Now I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he would [illegible] my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this and [illegible] I did not stop for breakfast. [illegible] I had sold my last load all [illegible] a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there for them before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting around while I told this, but I took but little notice of them, one man only arrested my attention I had in my possession a small package of placards, which I was to deliver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. The bill gave description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index to villainous disposition.

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come here that afternoon, and intended to leave sometime during the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villian left, for I had no doubt with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds had all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast, yet it struck me the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was entirely empty.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large track of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and as near as I can remember, the distance was about twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and the road ran nearly west: I should have light enough. I had entered the wood, and had gone about half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled, with bump and jerk, into a deep hole I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source.

"What could it be? I looked quietly around, but could see nothing. Yet I knew the sound I heard was close to me As the hind wheels came up, I heard something besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart!

"I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined that some poor fellow had taken this method of obtaining a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next Idea was that somebody had got in there to sleep; but this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was there had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I also thought he either meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and either reach over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now I never made it a point to brag of myself, yet I have seen a great deal of the world, and am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee-deep in mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise So I drew my revolver. I never travel in that country without one. I drew this, and and having twined the reins about the whip-stock, I carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a padlock, the padlock was gone and the hasp was secured by a bit of pine stick, so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and I slipped it in the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him, my cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white-oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. I got to my cart as noiselessly as I could and urged my horse on, and I still kept my pistol handy. I knew that the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good hard road, so I allowed my horse to pick his way through the mud. About ten minutes after this heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force being applied to the door. I said nothing, the idea struck me that the villian might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down in the foot-board.

"Of course I knew that my unexpected passenger was a villian, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villiany would have caused him to remain quiet so long and then start up in this peculiar place. The thumping and pushing grew louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice: "Let me out of this," he cried and yelled pretty loud.

"I raised my head up so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there?

"Let me out and I will tell you," he replied.

"Tell me what you are in there for?" said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out or I will shoot you through the head," he yelled.

"Just at this moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance would be twelve miles. I slipped back on the foot-board and took the whip. I had the same horse I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare, and you may believe there is some go in her. At any rate she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good mess of oats, the night air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes she cleared the woods, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out, and threatening to shoot if I didn't let him out. Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes came the report of a pistol—one—two—three—four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one if not two of the balls, must have passed through me. I popped up my head and gave a yell and a deep groan, and then I said: "Oh, God save me! I'm a dead man!" Then I made a shuffling off, and finally settled down upon the foot-board again. I now urged up the old mare by gving her an occasional poke with the end of my whip-stock, and she heeled it faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, as he got no reply, he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open and as this failed him, he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had it made so I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler woa to the horse, and kept it u until he was hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the whip-stock.

"We wasn't an hour going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear, perhaps I might tell the truth and say I had none, for I had a good pistol and more than that my passenger was safe—yet I did feel glad when I came to the old flour-barrel factory, that stands at the edge of Jacksonville, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old feller," said I, as I got down and went round back of the wagon, "you've had a good ride, haven't you?"

"Who are you?" he cried—and he kind o' swore a little too as he asked the question.

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," I told him.

"Where am I?—let me out!" he yelled.

"Look here," said I, "we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye, I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment you show yourself, Now lay quiet."

"By this time the two hostlers came up to see what was the matter, and I explained all to them After this I got one of them to run and rouse the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad-daylight. In less than that time the Sheriff came and two other men with him. I I told him the whole story in a few words exhibited the band-bills I had for him, then he made for the cart. He told the chap who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all the day.

"After breakfast the Sheriff came down to the tavern and told me I had caught the very bird, and if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundered dollars which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to stow them in my cart. I found the bullet holes in the top of my vehicle just as I had expected. They were in a line about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sat, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundered dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure he had got the villian. I afterward found a letter in the Postoffice at Portsmouth for me, from the Sheriff of Hancock County and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead is in prison for life."

So ended the peddler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at the cart, and found the four bullet holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with vial corks.

Wild Cat.

A GENTLEMAN, having in his possession ten or twelve hundred dollars on a certain banking institution away out West, went up to the counter, one fine morning, and addressed the teller in the following language:

"Good morning, sir. Beautiful weather, sir! Ahem! I have something over a thousand dollars worth of your money in my pocket. Do you redeem?"

The teller says—

"Good morning, sir;" smiles blandly, and answers—"We redeem, sir, but we do not pay specie."

"Do not pay specie, hey? Suspended, I suppose?"

"Suspended."

"What do you redeem, then, with?" was the next question.

"With bills on the other banks," replied the clerk, most pleasantly.

"And those, I presume, are also non specie paying banks?"

"Very probably they are, sir," bowing very politely.

"Well, then, what kind of bills can you give me?"

"Most any kind, sir. Give you Red Cat."

"Can't stand it."

"Well, then, how's Grey Cat?"

"Wouldn't give a straw for a barrel of it."

"What do you say to Black Cat?"

"Tain't worth a cuss!"

"Well, I'll try and accommodate you with White Cat.

"It wouldn't be any accommodation at all. I don't want your infernal Wild Cat Money—neither Red Cat, Grey Cat, Black Cat, White Cat, or Tom Cat. I wouldn't use it to litter a horse with Haven't you got some money on Eastern Banks?"

"No, sir," softly and very polite—"Eastern Banks are principally specie paying institutions."

"If not Eastern, then, have you bills on any other banks that do pay specie?

"No, sir," bowing most courteously.

"Well, then,"—drawing his package from his pocket, with a desperate expression of countenance—"Can you give me tolerably executed counterfeit bills on any bank that does pay specie?"

"No, sir," very loud, and looks as if he felt insulted.

A YOUNG gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself but who, by-the-by was rather despised, with a face much pitted by the smallpox, was not long since addressed by a chap, who, after admiring him for some time, said to him,—"When carved work comes in fashion, you'll be the handsomest man I ever put my eyes on."

A Rich Scene.

A FEW days since I chanced to stumble on an auction sale of damaged dry goods where the bids were spirited, and the large crowd of males and females vieing with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put up, and a dozen bids were made for them. The puzzled auctioneer, however, caught by the highest, which was, I think, a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, when, ere he could say "going," a male voice cried out "dollar fifty" from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars," echoed the woman, elbowing her way through the dense mass of females, who were seperated from the males by a long counter, upon which the glib tongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side, he commenced anew his stereotype vocabulary of choice and amusing figures of speech, till he touched the finale.

"Two fifty," nodded the man.

"Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty."

"Three!" screamed the woman.

"Four," replied the man.

"Go the fifty?" said the auctioneer, turning to the woman, with a half-suppressed smile on his small, sober visage.

A nod from the woman

"Four fifty I'm offered; go me five? Come, don't be afraid, they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all."

"Sold!" cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, "to Captain Smith, for five dollars."

"Smith!" exclaimed the woman, what, my husband?" raising herself on tip-toe to catch a glance. "Why, you good-for nothing man you've been bidding against your own wife!"

The Vexed Question Settled.

WE are sorry to pain the members of that respectable religious denomination that holds immersion to be the only true baptism, but our duty as journalists compels us to announce that the case has been legally decided against them. We are serious. Perfectly.

Some of our readers have heard of Judge Nuttall. The decision we refer to is Judge Nuttall's "last." It happened in this wise. A few weeks ago a negro girl in Henry county, Kentucky, under sentence of death for the murder of her mistress, experienced a timely change of heart, and expressed a desire to be baptized. Her counsel, anxious to further the wishes of the penitent, applied to Judge Nuttall for permission to take her from the prison for the purpose of immersion. The Judge, however, with that "hard horse sense" so peculiarly shocking to scruples of conscience, couldn't see the necessity for such an inconvenient form of baptism. "Why not sprinkle her?" he inquired. "Because," urged her counsel, with equal judgment and humanity, "sprinkling according to the faith she holds is not baptism. And her faith, may it please your Honor, is that of thousands of the best and purest in this community." "Oh, well," said the Judge, drawing himself up with an air of gravity worthy of John Snyder in the act of passing himself into heaven by a very tight squeeze, "*I decide and I want it to be distinctly understood, that sprinkling is legal baptism.*"

Thus, after upwards of two centuries of acrimonious theological controversy, the question is put to rest at last. We warn our Bap ists friends that it isn't of the sligliest sort of use to take an appeal, for it is a theory of Judge Nuttall', that when he pays no attention to the lawyers, and makes a decision on his own book, it is never reversed. His instincts defy the Court of Appeals.

"Just as they Run."

YEARS ago, when Cherry Valley was still a city of refuge from the incensed red man, Judge Cooper, the father of our great novelist, entered, and became in process of time, "seized and possessed" of certain tracts of land lying about Otsego Lake, parcels of which he from time to time leased at low rates to good occupants.

Among other applicants appeared one Johnson, rather a wag in his way, who wished a well-known farm, bordering on the lake. The Judge proposed that fresh fish, in certain amounts and at stated times, should constitute the rent of the farm.

To this proposition Johnson, who had a seine, was willing to accede, but stated a repugnance, shared by every member of his family, towards eating fish from which the best had been selected. "But, Judge," continued he, with great apparent candor, "I'll tell you what it is; if you will agree to take the fish just as they run, you may bring along your document."

The Judge assented, remarking that a seine would not catch a small fry; and the lease was duly drawn up and signed by the parties. Nothing further was heard from Johnson, and some months elapsed, when the Judge, feeling a little "fishy," proceeded to hunt him up.

"I am after my fish!" shouted he, as he saw Johnson busy at a log pier.

"Ah, yes; just help yourself, Judge," was the reply, "there they all are in the lake, and you know you agreed to take them just as they run!"

The Judge was fairly "sold," and it is said Johnson kept the premises some time, rent free, simply agreeing that he would not "let on."

Fine Writing.

The Rhode Island *Schoolmaster* has a good article showing up the folly of that verbose style, so much affected by feeble writers who mistake sound for sense. We transpose the article, and give the story related in the fine style first, and the common style afterwards, and let our readers judge which is the most impressive.

Two adventurous lads, one named Jack and the other Gill, ascended a steep acclivity in obedience to the request of their dear mother, taking with them an important kitchen utensil, that they might bring from the pure fountain on the hill-top some of the sparkling water. But one of the lads had the misfortune to so far lose the control of his *understanding* as to be precipitated headlong from the summit. Sad to relate, he fractured in his fall the parietal bone of his cranium. His affectionate brother was so overcome with fright at witnessing this sad catastrophe, that he also lost both his self-possession and his center of gravity, and went down with various revolutions and bewildering circumvolutions, in great speed, even against the fence at the bottom of the hill.

THE SAME STORY.

"Jack and Gill went up the hill
To draw a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after."

[A friend suggests that *Gill* was a girl, but of this we are in doubt. Perhaps some of our readers, who have determined how many children John Rogers, the martyr had, can decide this question.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—A Vienna letter writer says:

"A gentleman yesterday gave me some interesting information respecting the formation of the crews of the Russian ships of war. On an average, one-third of each crew is composed of Jews. Those persecuted people do all in their power to avoid the conscription, but they are seized and put on board ship, 'because they can not so easily desert from the navy as they can from the army.' My informant also observed that the inside of a Russian man-of-war was exactly like an English prison or hospital ship, except in regard to cleanliness. 'The men,' said he, 'hang their heads and look discontented, and as if they were on short [illegible] 365 days in the year.'"

How John Swore for Betty.

The law of the state of Virginia prohibits marriage unless the parties are of lawful age or by the consent of the parents.

John M., a well-to-do farmer in the Valley of Virginia, was blessed with every comfort, except that great desideratum—a wife. John cast his eyes around but unsuccessfully, until they fell upon Betty—daughter of John Jones—one of the prettiest and nicest girls in the country. After a courtship of six weeks, John was rendered happy by the consent of his dear Betty.

The next day, John, with a friend, went to town to get the necessary documents, with the forms of procuring which he was most lamentably ignorant. Being directed to the clerk's office, John, with a great deal of hesitation, informed the urbane Mr. Brown, "that he was going to get married to Betty Jones," and wanted to know what he must do to compass that desirable consummation. Mr Brown, with a bland smile informed him, "that he, after being satisfied that no legal impediment prevented the ceremony, would for the sum of $3, grant him the license." John, much relieved, handed him the necessary funds.

"Allow me," said Brown, "to ask you a few questions. You are 21 years of age, I suppose, Mr. M———?"

"Yes," said John.

"Do you solemnly swear that Betty Jones, spinster, is of lawful age, [illegible] and enacted by the Legislature of Virginia), to take the marriage vow?"

"What's that?" said John.

Mr. B. repeated.

"Well," said John, "Mr. Clerk, I want to get married, and I must get married, but I joined the church the last revival, and I wouldn't swear for a hundred dollars."

"Then sir, you can't get married."

"Can't get married! Good gracious, Mr Clerk, they'll turn me out of the church if I swear! Don't refuse, Mr Clerk, for heaven's sake I'll give you $10 if you let me off from swearing."

"Can't do it Mr. M——."

"Hold' on, Mr. Clerk, I'll swear. I couldn't give up Betty for ten churches I'll swear—may I be darned if she ain't 18 years old give me the license."

He got it.

IN JEOPARDY.—A merchant not remarkably conversant with geography, picked up a newspaper and sat down to read. He had not proceeded far before he came to a passage stating that one of his vessels was in jeopardy. "Jeopardy! Jeopardy! Jeopardy!" said the astonished merchant, who had previously heard that the vessel was lost, "let me see, that is somewhere in the Mediterranean; well I am glad that she has got into port, as I thought it was all over with her."

DEATH OF A HERO.—Recently at Southwick, Mass., there died a veteran named Abraham Rising, aged [illegible] years, 5 months and 25 days. He was at the taking of Gen. Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, and was 17 years old when he entered the service as a substitute for the man that was drafted.